

THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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"Till the Day Dawn and the Shadows Flee Away"

—CANT. IV-6.

From out the gloom of darkness drear
Mine eyes in anxious longing peer
To catch the first faint gleams of light
That break upon the boding night.

With aching griefs my soul is crushed;
And sounds of joy seem ever hushed:
To heaven I turn my wistful eyes
And seek my solace from the skies.

How dark the night of shame and sin,
How fierce a fight my soul within:
Lord, send the dawn of that fair day
Which Thou wilt make to shine alway!

I struggle on in fear and pain,
Yet think that all my hopes are vain:
When will the shadows flee away,
And life's true morn itself display?

But O, when morning breaks at length,
Dark night dispelling in its strength,
My soul in joyous bliss shall rise
To dwell foraye 'neath heavenly skies.

—J. Webb, C. Ss. R.

THE SAINT OF THE GOLDEN HEART

The cover design of this magazine bears the picture of one of the most illustrious men of the eighteenth century. A saint whose ideal was nothing less than the life and heart of a Man-God. He viewed the short sojourn of man in this life with the seriousness of a mind keen enough and wise enough to fathom the truths of eternity. So well did he imitate his divine Model in love of God and charity to men that we are justified in calling him the saint of the golden heart.

The saints of God were so docile in the school of the Master, so faithful in imitating Him, and stood in so intimate a relation with the Saviour, that we may say they are the replica, the living impression of Christ. Their life is the gospel in pictures, which everybody may see and understand. The reading of their lives, then, is a practical lesson in the study of Christ.

Seriousness of life is a characteristic common to all the saints. Only the manner of its manifestation is different in each. What do we mean by seriousness of life? Young people, who because of a certain levity of mind are inclined to seek naught but amusement and pastime, are generally counselled to be more thoughtful of life and its telling consequences. One who mistakes his own whims, and jolly sport, and play for the principal object of life, as does the sensual the avaricious, and the worldly-minded, shows clearly that he has not yet formed a Christian conception of life. In the short space of man's life, pleasure and amusement are but accidentals, so much so in fact, that in the lives of the two holiest persons who ever graced this earth, in Jesus and Mary, no trace of them is to be found. Our principal concern is to attain the end of our existence, the service of God, the love of God, to work out our salvation. All else is but a side issue. One who disposes his life in accordance with this design of the Almighty gives evidence of that moral seriousness of life without which no human being can ever gain eternal bliss. It is precisely this that the saints understood and practised so well. Would you know what a saint is? The saints of God are persons who have performed their life's task so nobly and bravely in the sight of God, that Holy Church has set them up before the eyes of her children as models and examples of Christian life. They have not invented sanctity or perfection any

more than a professor has invented the science which he teaches. They have only copied from the Divine Model Jesus Christ, to whom perfection was a second nature, and with the help of divine grace they imitated Him.

The great motto that actuated the entire life of our divine Master and Prototype is contained in the words expressed at the very beginning of His mortal career: "Behold, I come to do thy will, O God!" Heb. X, 9. And true to His word, having joy set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame. There is the divine example of that seriousness of life which characterized the saints of God, and especially our holy Bishop and Doctor of the Church, Alphonsus Maria de Liguori.

As the plummet always tends to the earth's center, so did Alphonsus even from his youth, with the earnestness of a riper age, ever direct his mind and heart only to God's pleasure and will. The childhood and youth of Alphonsus, says a biographer, was naught but innocence, piety, hatred of sin, and fervent love of God. We all know that besides a pure and docile heart, God demands of the young great diligence and zeal in preparing for a future vocation. The parents of our little saint, who were of the Neapolitan nobility, gave him the early advantages of a student's career, and culture and science kept pace with virtue, so that the holy youth became an object of delight to heaven as well as of admiration to the world. He had not yet attained his seventeenth year, when he was awarded the degree of Doctor of Law. This assiduous young man with a broad mental vision utilized every opportunity for development in the various branches of science. Even in the arts of poetry, painting, architecture, and music he achieved great success. Thus by reason of his eminent proficiency in the principal sciences—even apart from his great sanctity—Alphonsus de Liguori was one of the most prominent men of the eighteenth century. All of which proves how absurd and false is the notion of those addled brains, who imagine faith to be superfluous, because, as they say, science and faith are incompatible.

Alphonsus following his father's desire took up the practice of law, and already at the age of twenty-six his fame as an attorney was spread through Naples and the surrounding country, his services being everywhere in demand. The unquietness and dangers of this vocation, however, gave Alphonsus reason to harbor other thoughts. One day,

when engaged in works of charity, he found himself surrounded by a bright light and perceived distinctly the words: "Leave the world and follow me," the earth as it were quaking beneath his feet. He heard the call and recognized it as the voice of God. Accordingly he betook himself to a church of Our Lady, placed upon her altar the sword which as a nobleman he was accustomed to carry at his side, and promised to dedicate himself entirely to the service of God. He renounced a brilliant career in the world, as well as a splendid marriage with a princess which had been arranged by his ambitious father. Having resigned the right of inheritance in favor of his brother Hercules, he braved the long and bitter storm of his father's opposition and keen disappointment, and, unmindful of the taunts of a disapproving world, he donned the plain black garb of a seminarian at the age of twenty-seven. Four years later he was ordained priest, was then raised to the Episcopate, and devoted his talents and pen to the service of the Holy Ghost, so that his eminent wisdom and shining sanctity have made him for all times a radiant star in the great firmament of the Church.

Courageously and fixedly did he keep the one object of life in view and for this he made the greatest sacrifices. What was this object? Alphonsus tells us himself: "Dar gusto a Gesu Cristo"—to give pleasure to Jesus Christ. This beautiful motto he repeats frequently in his writings, and he practiced it to his latest breath. His unheard-of vow never to lose a moment of time, his uninterrupted night vigils, his constant mortifications of the flesh, all his actions and sufferings were directed to this one object, namely to give pleasure to Jesus Christ, and for love of Him he would not allow the tiniest instant of his life to be wasted. Imbued with this spirit the holy Doctor writes of the value of time: "Time is a treasure of untold value. For in every moment of time we can gain treasures of grace and of eternal glory." Then he adds the short prayer: "O my God, I thank Thee for having given me time to bewail my sins and by my love to repair the offences I have offered Thee."

In judging the actions of the saints, the world makes but a superficial survey, and then hastily concludes: "The saints exaggerate and overdo." But it has ever been the world's way to inveigh against what it does not understand. Men see only the external austerity of the saints, and consider it frightful or even stupid, but their judgment betrays their own poverty of spirit. To form a true estimate, however,

we must peer into the inner life of the saints, into the very heart which holds the key to these enigmas and mysteries. And above all else it is the divine Heart of Jesus which affords a most satisfactory explanation. If what the world condemns in the saints as stupid and overdone were in fact so, we would have to place the blame of it upon the Divine Examplar and Prototype of all saints. He loved us first and offered Himself for us, and for our sake, when we were still sinners and enemies, "emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, and humbled himself even to the death of the cross" (Phil. II, 8). Now the saints strive with admirable magnanimity, to requite this love of God with the greatest possible return of love. Yet they realize that there still remains an infinite debt even after they have put forth their greatest efforts, hence the saints are the first to account as naught all the love and devotion which they offer as a return for the sacrifice and death of a God. Even of the martyrs St. Alphonsus says: "What great thing have the martyrs achieved in giving up their lives for God, after God has so humbled Himself as to die for love of them on the Cross."

Alphonsus knew no sweeter pleasure, no greater desire than to love his Crucified Love, "to suffer and die for Him." The usual subject of his own meditations, and of those which he recommended to all Christians regardless of rank, position, or age, is Jesus Christ in His threefold manifestation: as Child in the manger, as a criminal on the Cross, and as our best friend in the tabernacles of our altars. The meditation on the suffering Saviour, in particular, was the well-spring whence the saint, amidst tears, daily derived fresh fervor of love, and new impulses for greater sacrifices and labors. It gave him that mellifluous eloquence which enabled him to drop balm into wounded hearts, and which procured for him the courage to bear a heavy and painful cross destined by Providence to be carried through a grey old age of ninety-one years. Concerning this reflection on the Passion of Christ he wrote to the members of the Congregation founded by himself: "It seems to me impossible for one who thinks often on the Passion and Death of Christ, not to acquire a true love of Jesus Christ." The favorite saying of our Saint which discloses to us the genuine love of God reigning in his golden heart was this: "Man's perfection consists in the love of God; but the perfection of this love consists in willing what God wills. The will of God in actions and the will of God in sufferings, for such was Thy will, O my Jesus." At

every opportunity, especially in his splendid writings, which elicited the praises and commendations of several Popes, he always returns to this favorite theme. In a circular letter, addressed to his brethren in religion, he gives a beautiful counsel worthy of acceptance by all, especially those laboring in the vineyard of the Lord. He says: "Let us love Jesus Christ above all else, because He deserves to be so loved. Let us love a God, who wished to die for love of us. What a shame, if on the day of judgment it will be found that some poor, unlettered old woman has loved Him more than we have. To love Him is the greatest work that we can accomplish here on earth." The holy Doctor adds: "However it is a work and a gift to which we cannot attain of ourselves." And therefore he recommends prayer, the great means of salvation, a subject that is well-nigh exhausted in his treatises.

The saint's biographers seem at a loss to decide whether he prayed more than he labored or vice versa; for he blended prayer with labor so ingeniously as to make his life an uninterrupted series of both. He placed a very high estimate on prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, and therefore in the midst of his manifold occupations as bishop, as general of his congregation, and as author of so many books,—which number more than one hundred, he often spent several successive hours in adoration before the Holy Eucharist. In his advanced age he seems almost to have made his dwelling there. For six and eight hours he often knelt immobile before his Sacramental Jesus, his countenance reflecting the seraphic glow of his heart. His incessant petitions were directed to Mary the dispenser of heavenly graces, his most beloved protectress, whose honor he vindicated in his writings, and whose praises he sang so lovingly in word and deed, that we might call him the troubadour of Our Lady. "O Jesus, my love, O Mary my hope!" was ever on his lips. Ejaculatory prayers were his very life. We find them on every page of his many books.

The ardent love of God that reigned in the heart of Alphonsus was also the motive of his untiring service of charity to his neighbor. His only passion was his zeal for souls, which gained for him from the Holy See the title of "most zealous Doctor". To snatch souls from the clutches of Satan, and to bring them back to the arms of the welcoming Saviour, was after his love of God and Mary, the greatest joy of his heart. The theology of this illustrious Doctor rests upon this one principle: to strive as far as possible towards the lessening of sin.

It was zeal for souls that led our Saint to found a special congregation of missionary priests, whose aim is the salvation of abandoned souls, a purpose designated by its very name, "Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer." The holy founder announces the double purpose of this institution in a familiar letter to its members saying: "For this purpose has Jesus Christ chosen us from all eternity and called us to the congregation, to love Him, and to strive that others also may love Him." For thirty years, in spite of privations, indispositions of body, and obstacles of every kind, he went through cities, towns, and hamlets, to break the bread of God's word to the spiritually ignorant and abandoned, and to invite all to do penance. At a mission in St. Agatha, he could not be induced to refrain from preaching twice on the day when he was tormented by a violent toothache.

At the end of his long and active career, a life that was truly a spectacle for men and angels, the humble and saintly man of God wrote in a letter: "I am good for nothing." How beautifully he follows the Saviour's words: "When you shall have done all things that are commanded you, say: We are unprofitable servants."

This is the picture of a sanctified life of ninety-one years, brimming with good works, the life of a saint according to God's own heart, a holy bishop, the most zealous Doctor of the Church, whose golden heart would encompass the world, by reason of its fervent love of God and men.

He now rests from his cares and toilings, and already over a hundred years he has enjoyed the reward of immortality in the glory of the saints. The life, sufferings, and reward of our glorious saint, what a wealth of encouragement they are for us to follow in his footsteps!

Jos. W. PRINTEN, C. Ss. R.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." If you don't furnish employment for your children during the summer months, the devil will.

It is folly to make such sacrifices to send your children to the Catholic school nine months of the year and to let them go to the devil's school the other three.

FATHER TIM CASEY

"Good evening, Father Casey." "How're you, Father Casey." Every prominent non-Catholic man or woman whom he met had a kindly greeting for the well known priest.

Tom Gannon, politician, loan-agent, real-estate dealer, etc., etc., who was walking with Father Casey to the rectory to talk over the purchase of a new school site, felt his ample bosom swell with pride at these marks of universal esteem for his pastor.

"Why, Father, you are as much at home with the Protestants as with the Catholics!" he declared admiringly.

"God forgive, I hope not!" was the priest's only answer.

"But you are. Do you know they say that you respect their religions as much as your own."

"They say that? If I thought I had ever, by word or action, given them reason to say such a thing, I would renounce my parish this minute; I would retire to a monastery for a long retreat and then recommence my priestly activity on entirely new lines. Why, man, don't you see that would be treason to the one true religion of Jesus Christ? Respect their false, man-made religions! I respect non-Catholics; I respect their honest beliefs; but respect their religions! Never!"

"Well, yes, of course I don't mean that. I just wanted to say how things had changed in this parish since you came here. When old Father O'Donoghue was alive, Catholics and Protestants would hardly speak to one another on the street, and now we're all like one big family."

Father Casey said nothing. In his heart he was asking whether he had preserved in all its primitive strength the faith which saintly Father O'Donoghue had planted so deeply in the flock now entrusted to his care. The growing list of mixed marriages in the parish register seemed to rise up and accuse him.

They had reached the *Times* bulletin board and now lingered a moment amid the crowd to read the latest reports of the draft lottery. Judge Tingley, who was one of the chiefest pillars of the Sixth Ward Congregational Church—or, to speak more correctly, who was the husband of one of the aforesaid pillars, shook hands with the priest, and drawing a bulky document from his breast pocket, began:

"Father Casey, we are both in for it. My wife commandeered me to solicit subscriptions for the new Congregational church, and now I commandeer your ready cash for the same worthy cause. How much may I put you down for?"

"Judge, do you want me to pose before the community as an inconsistent imbecile? I have consecrated my life to the task of bringing men to Christ by fostering the one true religion that Christ founded for their salvation, and you want to try to draw men away from Christ by building churches for a false religion!"

"I notice," returned the judge, "that your people have no scruples about accepting our money for the benefit of the Catholic Church."

"Why should they?" laughed Father Casey. "They are certain that it is going for a good cause."

"We have always given generously toward your Church, as you yourself have more than once publicly declared, and now you pretend that it would be wrong to give towards our Church!"

"Exactly! You claim that all religions are equally good, that it makes no difference what one believes provided he is a good man; therefore, according to your principles, it is praiseworthy to give to any Church. We Catholics, on the other hand, know that all religions are not equally good, that it does matter, and matter a great deal, what a man believes, that it is impossible for him to be a good man if, through his own fault, he remains outside the one true Church."

"The old story: All Protestants are going to hell," growled the judge. "Father Casey, I am disappointed in you. I always thought that you were broad enough and big enough to break away from those shallow prejudices, but now I see the Catholic Church of today impresses them as deeply upon the minds of her dupes as ever she did in the Middle Ages. It's bred in the bone; you can't help it."

"Just a moment, Judge, when did you ever hear me say that all Protestants are going to hell?"

"Oh, I don't know that I ever heard you say it in those precise words."

"No, nor in any other words!" cried the priest warmly. "But if you have listened to me very much, you have heard me say more than once that I should be glad to have as good a chance for heaven as some Protestants whom I know."

"Well, I'll be —!" the judge exploded. "And two minutes ago you were prating about consistency!"

"Bravo, Judge!" cried the priest. "Now you're waking up. When you begin to cuss, that's a sign you're beginning to think. It was vain to try to explain to you the Catholic position so long as you were too indifferent even to listen. But now you are in the proper mood. You have actually thought about the matter long enough to figure out that we Catholics are inconsistent. Now, kindly keep on your thinking cap for a moment, and I will show you that they are most consistent. We Catholics are convinced, from unanswerable arguments, that Jesus Christ came down from heaven, taught and suffered for men, that He instituted the Church through which men in all future generations were to receive the fruit of His teaching and His sufferings. We're convinced that Jesus Christ wishes all men to be members of His Church and that He hates and rejects all other Churches as false. At the same time, we know that a Protestant who erroneously but honestly believes that his Church is right, who loves God with his whole heart, who practices virtue and avoids sin to the best of his knowledge will surely be saved. However, he will be saved, not *on account of* his Protestant belief, but rather *in spite of* it. Hence you see how we are strictly consistent when we praise the sanctity of some Protestants while absolutely condemning all Protestantism. In a sense, the good Protestant deserves more credit than the good Catholic, because it is far harder to be good in a false religion than in the true one. Whereas, these are our sentiments," he continued playfully, "the honorable Judge may as well put his subscription list back into his pocket, for we will contribute not a single cent towards the building of a place of false worship, however much we may esteem the honest but misguided people who worship therein. Tell your wife, Judge,, to order clothes, shoes, and provisions for one of those poor families she is so much interested in and to send the bill to me." And he hurried away.

"Father," said Gannon, gasping to keep pace with the priest's long strides, "you handed some warm ones to the judge. I only wish all the Protestants in town had heard your talk. The trouble now is that they will hear nothing except that Catholics are ~~forbidden~~ to contribute toward a Protestant church. That is going to hurt us from a material point of view."

"From the time that Christ founded His religion, those that lived up to it have often been hurt from a material point of view," said Father Casey.

"Yes," replied the politician, who was not accustomed to stand on

fine points of principle when there was question of securing votes or business, "but the Protestants have always contributed so well towards our Church, it's a pity we can't reciprocate. Isn't there some way of getting around it?"

"The part of a good Catholic is to keep the law, not to look for some way of getting around it."

"But," urged Gannon, "we have had such success in breaking down prejudice in the past few years; I fear this affair will cause a re-crudescence of the evil."

"There are two things essentially different from each other, which our people often confuse," said the priest; "the one is breaking down religious prejudice, the other is fostering religious indifference. Breaking down religious prejudice is good to a certain extent. It encourages Protestants to come into closer contact with the Church, her doctrines and practices, and thus it sometimes brings about a conversion. Its principal advantages, however, are on the material side. When prejudice is broken down it is easier for us to stave off anti-Catholic laws; it is easier for our Catholic men to get Protestant business and trade, easier for our Catholic young people to get good positions in offices, factories, public schools, and such like. But is all this really so desirable? Where is faith stronger, in the communities where there is little religious prejudice, or in the communities where Catholics are subjected to continual persecution on account of their faith? The other thing is fostering religious indifference. Our people sometimes confuse it with breaking down religious prejudice, while it is something entirely different, something absolutely bad. I am convinced that religious indifference is the greatest enemy of souls in this country today. It is religious indifference that makes people neglect their prayers, that is thinning out year by year the number of families that say their night prayers in common. When prayer is neglected there is no strength to resist sin. It is religious indifference that accounts for the vast numbers who miss Mass on Sunday without a qualm of conscience, or even allow Easter time to pass by without receiving the Sacraments. It is religious indifference that accounts for the fatal ease with which our Catholic young men and women will begin keeping company with a non-Catholic, or even enter upon a mixed marriage at the imminent risk of their salvation. It is religious indifference that has helped to produce our immense army of ought-to-be's and apostates. The results of this evil are seen outside the Church as well as

within it, for it is religious indifference, and not prejudice, which prevents the majority of our fair-minded men from entering the one true fold. Take men like Judge Tingley, for instance. They have no real prejudice against the Catholic Church. Neither do they believe in the Church of which they are members, and yet their conversion is next to impossible. They have resisted, or are actually resisting, the known truth—I mean the truth which their own hearts tell them, that they should set to work in earnest to discover all that Christ has revealed and reduce His doctrines to practice. Resisting the known truth is a sin against the Holy Ghost. There is little likelihood that they will ever repent of it. It hardens their hearts and destroys in them all sense of the supernatural. They try to salve their conscience by occasional acts of philanthropy and of the other natural virtues. I have had ten genuine converts from among bitter anti-Catholics to one from among such as him. The dangers of religious indifference surround us on all sides. The majority of the people among whom we move are continually repeating by word or conduct the fallacy: 'All religions are equally good; it matters little what religion we profess, or whether we profess any at all, provided we are upright men.' Our daily papers are saturated with this same fatal doctrine. It is almost impossible for the child in the public school to avoid this poison. This poison is introduced even into our Catholic schools. Last fall, under the stress of peculiar circumstances, I made the mistake of admitting two Protestant children into the seventh grade. Both the sister and myself realize that we have not the same freedom in inculcating into the Catholic children in that room loyalty to the Church and hatred of heresy that we would have if those Protestant children were not present. Those two poor children make for religious indifference in the whole class. Catholics who belong to non-sectarian societies are sooner or later tainted with religious indifference. Our very desire to break down religious prejudice is, in many instances, the cause of religious indifference in ourselves and in the Protestants with whom we consort. The surest and safest means of breaking down religious prejudice without incurring the deadly danger of religious indifference is, not by mingling too freely with Protestants, not by joining with them in works of philanthropy, not even by bringing them with us to church, but by setting them the example of blameless lives and by charitably hastening to their assistance in times of affliction or on the occasion of sickness and death."

They left the main thoroughfare and turned down a side street. At the first small cottage they passed, a tot who had finished her first year in St. Mary's School, dropped her doll and ran out on the lawn, her eyes twinkling with delight. The sun had already set, yet she used the salutation with which the good priest was greeted every morning on his visit to the baby-class:

"Good morning, Father," she said and dropped a charming little curtsy.

"Do you know, Tom," said Father Casey, "I prize the child's 'good morning, Father,' more than all the polite greetings of our non-Catholic friends. Their salutation is prompted by natural motives; her's is prompted by faith: they salute the man; she salutes the priest."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

THE REFORMATION

THE SOURCE

Many a devout pastor as he closes the doors of his church at night kneels for the recitation of Compline, as his night prayer. The darkness is broken only by the tiny twinkle of the altar-lamp and there is not a sound to disturb the stillness. The quiet of the silence settles on him gently, calmly, weighted with a majesty that makes one conscious of an Infinite Presence. Under the spell his eyes rest on the Tabernacle, for there he realizes is centered in a small Host the free Omnipotence of that Presence he feels about him. There is the center of his life-work. The God of All has multiplied Himself in the Host that men may cluster in groups about Him and He has chosen pastors, guardians of His Sacred Presence, that they may voice the lessons of His Sacred Heart in that particular tabernacle for that special group of faithful souls who cluster about it. And without those hallowed walls there is revelling and rioting a-plenty. Perhaps not fifty feet removed there is a theatre in which an opera is playing in miniature the life of man, as man himself in the drama of life is miniaturizing eternity. To make the Spirit of that hidden God permeate the listless, passionate world is the purpose of Christ's Church, a purpose to be achieved by the ministers.

God is not of time or place. He is with His Church at all times

and in all places. His Church had hardly found a footing when He spoke to the "Angels of the Seven Churches" of Asia Minor, telling them their virtues and their works and the evils existing in their pastorate. Deep in the silence of Cluny He spoke to hearts responsive to His voice and from out its walls came Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII., whose every energy was exerted that, in the face of the evils of the eleventh century, "Holy Church, our Mistress and our Mother, remain free, chaste and Catholic." In the sixteenth century amidst evils—not such as stained the times of Hildebrand—the same God went to His people and drew from their ranks Orders of Religious men and women who would teach and preach with the sweet persuasion of the Gospel. With the Spirit of God in the hearts of men the Reformation of the sixteenth century was prepared for the guiding hand of Christ's Vicar on Earth.

PRINCIPLE OF REFORM.

In a soil so well prepared there was little to be done but to send sowers to plant the seeds of truth. Sowers there were and there were zealous pastors eager and anxious to have them. The sovereign pastor, the Pope, had been urged over and over again to organize the workmen and to clear the atmosphere of the doctrinal doubt that must hinder the fruitful growth and development of the seed sown. Clement VII was prevented from acting by the very urgency of the emperor, Charles V. It was left to his successor, Paul III, to convene in general assembly those whom God had appointed that they should go, and should bring forth fruit and that their fruit should remain. Yet even then ominous clouds were hovering over God's Holy Church. The commission appointed by the Pope to report on reform made bold to state that "flattery had established in the Roman curia the doctrine which reigned therein namely that the Pope is owner of all dignities, that he can sell them, that the acts of the Sovereign Pontiff are not subject to the law of the Church." And Cardinal Contarini in a personal letter to the Pope wrote: "It is idolatrous to pretend that the Pope has no rule but his own will to establish or abolish positive right." Then he added as if borrowing a phrase of the time: "The law of Christ is the law of liberty." The spirit that might be breathed into such expressions savored much of the animus that made Pope Eugene doubt the advisability of the continuance of the council of Basel. But Pope Paul was strong in the assurance that God who was working so efficaciously in His vineyard would not abandon it in its council.

deliberations. After two vain efforts the Pope finally in 1545 succeeded in convening the Council at Trent.

And the Publican stood afar off acknowledging his sins, saying: "Have mercy on me O Lord." And he went down from the temple justified. So, too, many a Christian soul after his evening examination of conscience has penitently recited his confiteor: "I confess to Almighty God that I have sinned in thought, word, and deed. Through my fault." And after saying "May the Almighty Lord have mercy on me," has arisen from his knees an object of rejoicing to the angels of heaven more than ninety-nine just. How that humble acknowledgement of guilt with its penitent plea for mercy touched the Heart of Jesus! How much more, then, was heaven appeased and rejoiced when Masserelli at the second session of the Council read the Church's Confiteor: "If the progress of heresy, the corruption of morals, and the external dissensions of Christendom are to be largely attributed to the clergy, it is their duty to repair the ills which they have caused, by their return to virtue and by their example of mildness and charity. In order to fulfil their noble mission, the bishops especially must rise above all passions of the heart as well as all prejudice of mind and must most carefully rid themselves of all personal consideration and all national influence." This confession of negligence or wrong-doing and the purpose of amendment outlined at once the purpose of the Council and the means it meant to use to attain its aim.

WORKINGS OF REFORM IN THE CHURCH.

Much of the blame for the sad condition of the Church in the sixteenth century was placed on the Curia of Rome. Most generously, in the spirit asked by the Church and voiced by Massarelli did that Curia set about its own reform, a reform that lasts unto the present.

The possibility of such a reform was, in large measure, due to the "Oratory of Divine Love" (cf. Liguorian for May). Zealous priests, mindful that where two or more were gathered together in Christ's name, there He would be in the midst of them, called into existence sodalities and confraternities that the faithful might unite with one mind and one soul for the service of their Creator. When the apostles and disciples were persevering in one mind and heart in their humble places of prayer Christ's promise was verified by the so frequent imparting of special charismata. Knowing the workings of the Holy Spirit can we hesitate in believing that, when men embued with love

for the Bride without spot, men whose hearts bled at the sight of the treatment she was receiving, men who consecrated their lives that her children should again be worthy of her, when such men were gathered together in Christ's name, can we doubt that He was in the midst of them? It is little wonder, then, that when the Pope set about filling vacancies in his senate of consultors, the Roman Curia, the Holy Spirit should direct the selection to be made from members of the Oratory. No period of history has seen a college of Cardinals more representative of Holy Church than was there formed. Cardinal Contarini's virtues and excellencies have occupied the pages of many volumes but he was only one among equals when Caraffa, Sadolet, Pole, Giberti, Morone, Aleandro were raised to the cardinalate. Wonderful is God in His works. Who could have foreseen in the humble gathering of men in the Church of St. Dorothy in Leo X's time, the makings of a new regimen for Christ's chosen people?

A spirit no less generous dominated the hierarchy. Bishops left the Council with a definite outline of the work before them and enthused by the example of self-abasing pastors who absorbed all their interests into the one all embracing interest of God. Many were the bishops who returned to their sees with a zeal like to St. Charles. He stands to the forefront because of his age and the task he accomplished. The illustrious see of St. Ambrose had become a scandal to Christendom. Such it was when St. Charles, at twenty-seven, was made its bishop. He died at forty-four and the transformation he worked in his diocese remains one of the most gratifying memories of ecclesiastical history. Yet the story of Milan is but one instance of what was being done in many places throughout Christendom. Each diocese set itself to erect its seminary where young aspirants to Holy Orders would imbibe sound doctrine with true Christian virtue; each diocesan synod executed in fulfilment of the Council's wishes the proper regulation of the parishes and determined according to fixed law the administration of the Sacraments, each bishop bound himself by a special profession of faith to the acceptance of the Council's decrees. All worked in harmony and with small opposition for evil pastors had long since left the one, true fold.

WORKINGS OF REFORM IN GERMANY.

Protestantism did not reform, but by receiving into its embrace the malcontents and evil-doers in Holy Church, it gave that Church the

opportunity of exercising its reforming powers without undue obstruction. One more benefit it conferred on Europe. Unforeseeing Protestant princes forged the sword that was to decimate them. They urged and fought for the principle that "the religion of the people must be that of the prince"; to that principle they pledged themselves at the "Peace of Augsburg". That day Protestantism ceased as a power, religious or civil. After the "Peace of Augsburg" Charles V abdicated. Thenceforth the princes of the empire had nothing to gain from Protestantism. Each made ready to return to the faith which, in their hearts, they always believed to be alone true. On their return to Holy Church they invoked the principle of Augsburg and made it free for their subjects to return to obedience to the Pope. It thus became a common occurrence to see whole principalities return to their ancient beliefs and it furnishes a striking proof that Protestantism had not really taken firm root in the hearts of the multitude.

"Behold I am with you all days." Whether it is an Athanasius standing out against an emperor for truth; or a Hildebrand facing Europe for righteousness; or a Clement, or a Paul, or a Pius opposing covetousness, lust, and error; that Spirit is ever present, guiding, protecting, and preserving the Church as the unspotted Bride of Christ.

T. F. KENNY, C. Ss. R.

MR. BURNEY FINDS A NEW SECRETARY

Mrs. Thomas Norber, until about five years ago Carry Sheridan, was a guest Tuesday night at the S. A. R. C.—the St. Agnes Reading Circle. She had been President of the Circle before she was married, and the girls had a habit of inviting past Presidents to their rooms from time to time, just to get a few casual hints on improvements they might make in the Circle. It was an interested bevy of girls, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, that gathered round her this evening, listening intently to her stories about the "old" girls,—for did they not all know how Carry Sheridan, by sheer pluck and ability had won Mr. Norber, the treasurer of the Mercantile Bank?

"See that picture, there?" Carry was saying, as she pointed to one of the faces in the series of past presidents adorning the walls.

"That's Stella Drennen," called out one of the girls.

"Our Lucille's Sister?" asked another—while Lucille blushed and hid herself—she felt she wasn't nearly as good as her sister.

"Yes, that's she," Carry continued; "Lucille's oldest sister. She was one of the presidents in my time. That's not so long ago," she hastened to add, glancing at the mirror across the room. "The sight of her picture," she continued, "makes me think of everything loyal and generous."

"Here! let me sit down there, too," whispered Barbie Tulle, the good-natured secretary, who though not at all thin, was trying to make a sofa, meant for two, hold three bodies. "Excuse me for interrupting, Mrs. Norber," she said blushing, when a shower of laughing rebukes came her way, "but I want to hear."

"You know, girls," Carry began reflectively, "narrowness of views and of interests is one of the most servile, most repugnant, and for all that, most unbusinesslike qualities you can be afflicted with. The spirit of doing just as much as is called for in order to draw your salary or hold your place, the spirit of measuring your service by your pennies, is one form of it. It is a spirit not born of generosity, rather, it may safely be taken as a sure sign that there is as much generosity in your makeup as there is bodice in an up-to-date but by no means up-to-ladyship dress: just as such a dress lays bare a great deal of the 'dear self', so also this spirit exposes a great deal of the 'soul of selfishness' beneath. The possessor of this quality goes through life like an old two-cylinder auto, making lots of noise, smoke, and ugly odor, jerking along violently but making little real headway, and you can pick such up, almost any time, by the roadside, with one thing or another out of order.

"Such was not the spirit of Stella Drennen. I remember when she was still the newest member of the S. A. R. C.—you would have imagined, in a way, that she was the oldest—in fact, you would have thought the Library Rooms belonged to her, she was wont to take so much interest in seeing them well-furnished and cared for."

"See that doily there?" exclaimed Barbie, "that's her work and that piano cover; her initials are down in the corner—S. D."

"I remember when she brought them," continued Mrs. Norber. "She always wore the pin she received on her entrance into the circle, and if anyone wanted to know what the letters on it, S. A. R. C., stood for, she was ready to tell them. Some of the girls at the store asked her about it. Of course, they didn't know who St. Agnes was—never heard about her—they were Protestants. 'Oh,' says Stella, 'I'll tell you about her on the way home tonight. I haven't time just now. You'll

like to hear about her I know. St. Agnes beats Mary Pickford, though she never did play for the movies.' And she hurried on with her work. But some of the girls actually came to ask her on the way home about the pin: what became of such a one, I'll tell you some other time. But here is something that happened to Stella late one spring—end of May, I believe it was. It just brings out Stella.

"It was one of the first really warm days; spring-fever was in the air."

"Oo-oo-h!" chorused the girls, remembering their school days.

"Do you know the spring-fever?" Mrs. Norber asked, laughing. "It comes during the days when the wind, tired of his April frolics, curls himself up in the hollows of the woods and takes a long, long nap,—allowing the sun and the mist to have their own way on field and street. And they have it. White glare the massive stone buildings of the city; white glares the baked pavement up and down the streets; and as you look down the sunny canyon between the sharp edges of the buildings, you can see the heat rising in curly vapors and you snuff as if you were standing in a hay field. You feel as though you couldn't get enough air at a breath. Every passenger that walks by raises a little whirr of dust, and every automobile that scurries by raises a cloud of it.

"And even while you walk, you notice that your eyelids twitch and twinge and grow heavy, and your legs begin to lag; you would rather sit down than walk. You sit down to your work at typewriter or desk and you would rather lie down. Lie down and it seems to you that you are lying on your backbone and there ought to be some way in which that could rest too. You feel as though you simply could not be passive enough."

"That's the spring-fever, all right, Mrs. Norber," Barbie interjected. "I feel it coming on when I think about it!" If smiles are ripples, there were real white-caps of laughter in answer to this.

"Well," Mrs. Norber resumed, "the more you yield to it, the worse you get. Like a fly lying down in the poison paste, instead of keeping on its tip-toes and working its wings. Get on your tip-toes,—Keep your wings agoing,—shake it off: that's the remedy. Anyway Stella had her time of it this day as she sat at the typewriter; but she had bravely shaken it off all day, trying to smile as if Christmas were coming. In fact, she really did have something to look forward to. The girls had arranged an outing for the evening, on a lake steamer. They

were to leave the docks at seven, and be back at ten o'clock. So she was planning on hurrying home after work to dress up, and then getting away as quickly as possible to the docks.

"Lola, the girl who worked next to her, had repeatedly reminded her of it, by sighing, as she yawned: 'Gee, I wish it were five o'clock!'

"At last five o'clock came. There was a general start for the cloak-room. Stella, too, got up to go, with unusual promptness, when Mr. Burney, the senior partner of Burney & Co., stopped her.

"Did Mr. Carr direct you to copy those letters I read into the dictaphone on my secretary's desk?"

"Yes, sir," was Stella's reply.

"Did you finish them all?" he queried, as he walked with her to his secretary's desk.

"Yes, sir," answered Stella again. "I handed them to the mailing department an hour or so ago; they're gone with the afternoon mail."

"Good," said Mr. Burney, as if much relieved by the information. "There was some important mail in it—thousands of dollars depended on some of those letters getting out today." They were standing before the secretary's desk now. "I want you to copy these letters, too," continued the man in authority, pointing to more distaphone records. "They can wait till tomorrow, however; no hurry about them."

Stella looked over the rolls casually as Mr. Burney walked away; then put them into her desk. But moved by curiosity she put one of the rolls on the machine and quickly adjusted the receivers. It began: Strand & Co., Bankers. The bonds of which you wrote, to the value of \$5,000, etc. —. She stopped the machine with a click—the name was familiar to her.

"Queer," she reflected as she put the roll with the rest — "that must be one of the important letters of which Mr. Burney spoke, as requiring immediate attention. 'Well,' she hastened to add—probably a vision of the moonlit lake crossed her mind—'he said there was no hurry, tomorrow would do.'

"She thereupon locked her desk and hurried after the other girls, who were already leaving the store by stairway and elevator.

"Lola was waiting for Stella in the cloak-room.

"What did he want," she asked, helping her on with her clothes,— "to give you some work overtime?"

"No," answered Stella; "he just handed me a batch of dictation to attend to tomorrow."

"It would just have been your luck if he had asked you to do overwork—tonight of all nights!"

"I'm just wondering," said Stella, half to herself, half to Lola, as if she had not heard the latter's remark at all; "I believe that mail ought to be attended to this evening."

"This evening!" ejaculated Lola. "O Stella, you're crazy. Put on your hat! Didn't the boss say tomorrow? He ought to know his business."

"But there may be a mistake somewhere . . . I'm puzzled . . ."

"Say but you're getting up in the business world! You know more than Mr. Burney himself!"

"No, it's not that," replied Stella; she could not help smiling at her companion's vehemence. "But he can make a slip as well as anyone else. It's been such a sleepy day and his secretary is gone."

"What makes you think all of a sudden these letters ought to go out tonight? A few hours can't make much difference!" Lola questioned with growing peevishness.

"I don't know, really; he didn't tell me. He only said there was some important mail that had by all means to be sent off this very day—thousands of dollars depended on it. But I didn't notice anything in this noon's mail except advertisements and answers to small dealers, and so on—the usual things. But in the second batch he gave me this evening there was one to Strand & Co. I'm sure that's one of the names he mentioned to Mr. Carr this noon. He must have given me the wrong batch at noon."

The two girls had descended in the elevator by this time and were making for the door when Stella stopped and made a motion to go back.

"What are you going to do?" said Lola catching her by the sleeve and locking her arm in Stella's.

"I'm going back," Stella replied.

"Oh pshaw, Stella, it will take you two hours to go through all that dictation—I saw the rolls. And the boat leaves at seven sharp!"

"But thousands of dollars may depend on it!"

"You don't lose anything, do you?" Lola asked impatiently.

"No, but our firm does."

"But you didn't make the blunder!"

"No, but the house did,—and what will they think of us over there!"

" 'Mr. Carr made the mistake, didn't he,' Lola went on arguing, 'or Mr. Burney; let them pay for their blunders; we have to pay for ours!'

" 'But I can prevent this,—I'm going to,' Stella put back, trying to free her arm from Lola's.

" 'Why, you aren't sure at all, Stella; it's only a notion of yours. Why miss your fun tonight just on that account?'

" 'I'll make sure!' she said, and hurried back to the elevator.

" 'You're actually crazy, Stella,' Lola seethed after her. 'I'm not going to miss a good time for anybody.' And she went home angry, while Stella got into the elevator and reaching her floor bolted out to get the key for her department from the night-watchman.

" 'What's the matter,' said he, a good-natured Irishman, full of fun, when Stella ran up to him, almost out of breath, asking for the key. 'Did you leave your powderpuff here?'

" 'None of your business,' she said with mock-indignation which Pat understood very well.

" 'Or your pocket-book was it, with a million dollars in it?' he added, holding the key from her.

" 'No,' she snapped, snatching the key. 'I may have to stay some time—have some work to do!'

" 'Go home, girl,' Pat called after her; 'and leave that for tomorrow; one day's work is enough for anybody.'

"But Stella did not hear it. She had already fastened the first role on the dictaphone, listening carefully to its contents. 'Sure,' she said to herself, 'there it is; this is the mail he meant. Evidently he pointed out the wrong rolls this noon. Now—just look at this batch—two hours at least! and it's twenty minutes past five now. I'll let mother know I'm coming home late and then get to work.'

"She ran to the telephone, called one of the neighbors—they had no phone at home, and asked her to inform her mother that she was working overtime. Then she set to work with a will.

"All her tiredness was gone in the excitement of feeling that she was doing something really worth while,—that she was saving her firm perhaps thousands of dollars.

"At last she was finished. Gathering up the letters she had typed, she sealed them, stamped them, and ran to the mailing department, only to find it closed long ago. Nothing remained but to run over to the post-office, some blocks away, so as to be sure that the mail would go

off this very evening. That meant more trouble, but having begun to do this job, she was going to finish it rightly.

"Goodnight, Pat," she called cheerily as she toosed the keys to the old night watchman.

"I believe, begorra," he remarked, "you're wan of them embassadors or what ye call them, what forges bank checks!"

"Don't tell on me," she replied over her shoulder, hurrying down the steps, "or I'll send you a black-hand letter!"

"When Stella reached the door, she found Mr. Burney with his hand on the knob, and Mr. Carr, standing there in serious conversation.

"What have you been doing here so late?" the former inquired, glancing at his watch. "It's half-past seven, and you just clearing out? You didn't go to sleep at your desk, did you?"

"No, sir," she said laughing—she could afford to laugh, with her secret; "I just finished off this mail."

"Why, I told you to do that tomorrow, didn't I, Miss Drennen?" he queried, taking the top envelope in a careless, casual way and examining the address. His face changed immediately. "What!" he cried, tearing the rest of the envelopes out of her hands and looking over them, reading as he looked: "Strand & Co., Gurnsey Co., Burkitt Hardware Co., Did I give you these letters this evening?" he blurted out at last.

"Yes, sir," she answered simply.

"By Jove," he said, handing the bundle to Mr. Carr, whose hand suddenly became unsteady—"that was a narrow escape! Girl," he continued, eyeing Miss Drennen sharply, "what made you stay after time to finish off that dictation? You had no obligation to stay!"

"Why, sir, I thought I heard you speaking about some important mail and I noticed none in the first batch. So I concluded you must have interchanged the batches."

"But you would lose nothing by it, anyway!"

"The firm would," Stella replied.

"Well!" he nodded with satisfaction, "and where are you going with these letters now?"

"To the post-office, otherwise they will not be sent away tonight anymore."

" 'Well!' he repeated emphatically. 'You are stenographer in Mr. Carr's department, aren't you?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" I think your job is too small for you; your interests are wider than your department. You ought to be in my office. My secretary has left me—report to me next Monday and you can have the place and salary.'

" 'Thank you, Mr. Burney, I will.'

" The man bowed and Stella hurried off to the post-office and then homeward,—happy enough to skip through the streets. 'What news for mother!' she was thinking to herself.

" 'Too bad!' her mother greeted her when she reached home; 'the girls passed the house an hour or more ago. You'll miss the fun tonight!'

" 'Mother,'—she put her arms around her mother's neck and whispered in her ear. And then her broader outlook asserted itself again.

" 'Think of it, mother; you won't have to work anymore. I'll manage alone now!' And she clapped her hands in glee.

" That's Stella Drennen, girls—an S. A. R. C. girl"—concluded Mrs. Norber.

AUGUSTINE ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

AN ANGUISHED HEART

Entering the Garden. "And going out he went according to his custom to the Mount of Olives. And his disciples also followed him" (St. Luke, XXII, 39). St. Matthew describes the place a little more closely: "Then Jesus came with them into a country place which is called Gethsemani" (XXVI, 36). St. Mark says: "And they came to a farm called Gethsemane" (XIV, 32). And St. John: "He went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron where there was a garden, which he entered with his disciples" (XVIII, 1).

The road from the city-gate, south of the temple, would have brought them to the garden in about fifteen minutes, if their conversation had not retarded their steps and even made them pause on the way. The *traditional site* of the garden lies just east, somewhat southeast of the temple building, and almost nine hundred feet away. If you leave the city by the gate of St. Stephen, just north of the north corner of the temple, you will find that "a path winds down from the gate on a course south-east by east and crosses the valley by a bridge; beyond which are the church with the Tomb of the Virgin, Gethsemane, and other plantations of olive trees. The path and bridge are on a causeway, or rather terrace, built up across the valley; perpendicular on the south side;

the earth being filled in on the north side up the level of the bridge. The bridge itself consists of an arch, open on the south side, and seventeen feet high from the bed of the channel below. The breadth of the valley will appear from the following measurements: from St. Stephen's gate to the brow of the descent (level) 135 feet; then down to the bottom of the slope, (the angle of descent being about 16 degrees), 415 feet; then the bridge, 140 feet; thence to the northwest corner of Gethsemane (a slight rise) 145 feet." In its *present condition* the garden presents the shape of a quadrangle, 168 by 162 feet. This of course is only a very small portion of the garden or orchard which Our Lord entered. It was purchased by the Franciscans in the year 1669, and in 1848 enclosed it with a wall of unhewn stone about 8 feet high, to shelter the pilgrims from annoying intrusions. Nestling between two hills, it is protected from the east and west winds and is therefore green and verdant even in January. While the hills and valley round about are desolate and waste, the garden stands out like a solitary flower vase in memory of Our Lord and His lonely agony; a very garland of tulip and hyacinth, rosemary, violet and red immortelle. Very likely the garden was the *property* of one of Our Lord's friends and followers; for it appears to have been placed at His disposal just as the Supper room itself. This is suggested especially by the fact that His coming is not mentioned as an isolated occurrence, but a rather as a custom of long standing. Within its walls there are today seven or eight immense *olive-trees* whose girth measures from eighteen to twenty feet in circumference. They can hardly be the very trees which witnessed His agony; but probably sprouted from the roots of older trees. The size of the trees with their numerous overhanging branches, and their dense foliage may explain, at least partially, why the soldiers came with lamps and torches to arrest him, even though Judas went along to point him out, and despite the fact that the moonlight beamed with fullest brightness that night. Each circumstance connected with the garden shows how all had been arranged by God with exquisite taste and heavenly dignity. *It was a garden.* But in a garden Adam sinned and in a garden his fault must be redressed. In a garden the disobedience of one brought death on all, and so in a garden the obedience of One should restore life to all. In a garden Satan won his crowning triumph and in a garden he must meet with most crushing defeat. It was a *garden of olive-trees*. Now the olive was used in religious service, to illumine the temple and for the anointing of priests. In home-life it served for personal adornment and for the healing of wounds. So there flows upon the Church from that olive-garden a heavenly ointment: the merits of Our Savior's passion. They infuse a power divine into our sacraments, and invest our priests with a share of Christ's own dignity. His merits deck our souls with the jewels of virtue and strengthen our enfeebled nature with the health and vigor of children of God. The word Gethsemane means an oil press and forcibly reminds us of the prophet's words: "I have trodden the wine press alone" (Isaias LXIII, 3). Long ago the dove announced to Noah the end of the flood, by bearing an olive-branch in its beak; now this olive-garden is a pledge to the world that the power of Satan is broken and God has renewed His covenant of love with men. *His purpose* in coming is clear. He has come hither just to be captured and to die. He would not permit this to happen in the supper room, lest the house be exposed to the violence of the mob, and His generous guest to the enmity of the Pharisees. He would not allow the solemnity of His Unbloody Sacrifice to be marred by the uproar and confusion of the ruffian gang that would come to arrest Him. He went *out of the city*; for in it there were many who might rise in His defence; so many, that even the Pharisees dared not take Him openly. He knew well that once the crowds saw Him in chains, their devotion would cool. He went out into God's open air, the clear sky of the star-lit heavens, to show that His dying love embraced all men. As He reached the garden *the time* was near nine o'clock. Had He turned His eyes westward, did He search the years of the future, did He see us? In many an eye a silent tear must trickle, many a head must sink sadly down! That is the hour when people go in crowds on the ways of sin; the hour when Satan again ensnares the souls for which He died! Our Lord was going to the garden according to His custom, but to pray and die for us. And what is our custom of a night? We hope to pray at death. Did we accustom ourselves to it in life?

The Apostles: "And he saith to his disciples: Sit you here while I pray. And he taketh Peter James and John with him." We notice the place, the eight apostles, and the three.

Regarding *the place*. At present the entrance to the garden is at its southern extremity. Outside the wall and about fifteen feet further south the flat surface of the rock is pointed out as the spot where the apostles fell asleep. (It is about 233 feet from the Grotto of the Agony, which is venerated a few paces outside of the northern wall.) Still further to the south and about thirty feet away tradition indicates the place where Judas gave Him the traitor's kiss. This alignment of places again suggests that Our Lord came from the southern gate as we surmised above. *The eight*. As they were walking along by the side of the brook they had protested their devotion to Our Lord. But as their protestations drew no answer from Him they may have been reduced to silence. Lost in thought, puzzled, perplexed, and in drooping spirits they reached the garden. Here they halt. It may have been quite usual for Him to dismiss His company here and then seek the seclusion and solitude of some deeper recess where He could pray alone. His parting words may have implied an invitation for them to do likewise. They seem to have kept close by, for all are with Our Lord again when Judas comes. *The three*. Pityingly He scans their anxious faces, for He knew what this night would bring for them. Then He beckons to Peter, James, and John to follow Him further into the garden. He selects just these three for they had been prepared to stand the brunt of the trial. They had seen His glory on Mt. Tabor, and could now bear to see His agony without scandal. They had seen Him raise the daughter of Jairus to life, and could now bear to see His struggle with death. They were to be the pillars of His Church. St. Peter was appointed as the foundation-rock; St. James was the first of the apostles to consecrate it with a martyr's blood; St. John was to outlive them all and stand as the solitary arch when the others were mouldering in their graves. They were to be His chief witnesses before all the world: St. James must stand before the King and court of Palestine and seal his testimony with his death; St. Peter must confront the throne of mighty Rome; St. John must plead his cause among the cultured schools of Asia Minor. These three had made the most generous promises of fidelity. One day Our Lord asked John and James: "Can you drink the chalice that I drink of?" With one voice they gallantly replied: "We can." St. Peter's assurances are still fresh in our memory: How gladly he would die for Him, though all the others forsake him! Myriads of shining angels would gladly have come to take their place and minister unto Him. We ourselves may envy them their privileged intimacy! And yet He invites us all to take our cross and come and follow Him. But alas! our poor weakling nature dreads the cross. Nevertheless, every saint and every angel of heaven knows its priceless value. And we ourselves will one day kiss with grateful joy the sorrows that earned for us our eternal reward.

First pangs of His Passion. Even before He reveals His suffering they have become so intense that the apostles can read the story in His person.

1. *His fear*: "He began to fear and to be heavy" (St. Mark). We see some evil impending; there is little doubt about its coming; our helplessness leaves us an almost certain victim; then our heart quails, our cheek is blanched; then we fear. *How intense* His fear! Often had He met His deadliest enemies with majestic mien and now that face is pale and quivering with fear. Often had He stood calmly and boldly erect where certain death surrounded Him, and now that manly form is trembling and broken. We see its intensity in His long protracted prayer, in His bloody sweat, in His forlorn appeal to the apostles to watch with Him. He feared *death*. Not as we do, whom a sinstained conscience fills with nameless dread. He could challenge all the world to convict

Him of the slightest fault; even the cowering demons had to confess Him to be the Holy-One of God. Not as we do, who cringe before the keen, searching eyes of the Judge. He knew for certain that He was going to the Father to be glorified with all the glory He had been enjoying before the foundation of the world. He feared death as the most terrible of all penalties which an angered God imposed in this world on man, whom he had created immortal. He feared all the bitter *sufferings* that would accompany His death. In actual occurrence these would assail him one by one; but in the terror of the garden they were all accumulated in one oppressing burden and weighing down His heart. There was no avenue of escape, for all was God's Will. He *feared for us*. For now the powers of darkness had their hour; "and if in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry!" How will they vex and harass the souls of men! Satan would haunt them as the roaring lion and the hissing snake, would deceive them as the wolf in sheep's clothing, nay even as an angel of light. The thoughtless girl would merrily dance into his snares and passionate youth would become his willing agent. He feared for us then, and we smile in the very jaws of hell!

2. *His sadness*: "He began to grow sorrowful and to be sad" (St. Matthew). Sadness is the sentiment that seizes on us when some affliction has actually befallen; be it an evil of body or of soul, be it a cut of the lash that furrows the body or the anguish that racks the spirit. How overpowering it was! *He Himself* must own it: "I am sorrowful unto death." A sorrow that seems to have reached the very limits of possibility for a creature to bear. Thus fear mingled with sadness formed the vinegar and gall that tortured His soul during these last hours of His life. The depth of His sadness may be gauged by *its causes*. First of all, the *sins of men*! He was the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; for His heavenly Father had laid on Him the sins of us all, that He might make due satisfaction for them, for all sins from the fall of Adam even to our own. His divine knowledge only helped to embitter His anguish. We may smile in sin and boldly sneer: "I have sinned and what evil has befallen me!" We do not take the pains to reflect and try to realize what an evil our sins really are. But He did realize all its hideous, revolting ugliness, and He loathed sin and abhorred it immeasurably more than we recoil from the leper's filthy sore or the swarming worms of the grave. Yet He must bear this loathsome burden that we have bound on Him. His boundless love for God added sharper edge to His agony, for sorrow is estimated by love. He loved His heavenly Father and saw how sin robbed Him of His dearest children and turned them into rebellious wretches, ungrateful and cruel, even into demons. He saw His Father's grief greater than that of Jacob who held in his hands the bloody garments of Joseph whom he believed devoured by wild beasts, greater than that of David lamenting the murder of his boy Absalom, greater than that of the mothers of Bethlehem mourning their butchered babies and would not be consoled. Next, the *loss of so many souls*. He saw that his labors would be in vain for so many, who would still persist in madly rushing into hell. "I have labored in vain; I have spent my strength without cause and in vain." The prophet Jeremias once wept over the ruins of Jerusalem, but the city would soon be rebuilt. Our Lord once wept over Jerusalem and its ungrateful inhabitants, but there remained yet years of life and grace with chances of repentance. Now he weeps over the souls of so many who have chosen hell for their eternal portion; they are lost for ever and ever, no hope for them! His love for God and for us is the fire in which His heart was burning as a living coal.

3. *His love for us*. Why all this? Only His love for us made it possible. Easily could He have avoided it all; only His free choice and will brought it about. The Gospels suggest it by the *tiny word* they insert: "He began" to fear and be sad. How tranquil was He not at the Last Supper, on the way, and even while making his last arrangements with the Apostles in the garden? Yet all causes for fear and grief were known to Him and should have produced their effect if left to themselves. He knew of Judas' work and predicted the scattering of the apostles at His arrest. His own *dignity and power* prove it. Why should He fear? Had He not escaped when they prepared to hurl Him from the precipice, and tried to stone Him in the temple? Why be sad? He

was God and man at once, with a union more intimate and complete than that which causes the bliss of highest seraph and holiest saint in heaven. Only the greatest miracle of His love could permit the faintest thrill of pain. To raise the dead to life He must conquer only submissive nature. But to suffer pain He must stem the torrent of happiness which His divine nature was thrusting on His human nature. To darken the light of the sun were a marvel; to stop in mid-air the thundering floods of the Niagara Falls were a wonder. And yet far brighter was His vision of God, far mightier the rush of bliss upon His soul! This miracle of His pain affects His nature divine which now must yield to His love for us and His wish to suffer in proof of it.

His own explanation: "Then saith he to them: My soul is sorrowful unto death; stay you here and watch with me" (St. Matthew).

He speaks of *His sorrow*. It may stagger us; but it is spoken by the Word of Truth, revealing the secrets of His heart. How sublime! Not a word of blame for Judas or the Jews. Not a note of murmur aga'inst ourselves, poor sinners, whose misdeeds have brought it on Him. How brief! We can weary the most patient when the slightest ill afflicts us. He speaks to *His apostles* and begs them to watch with Him awhile. How many a devoted, chivalrous soul would gladly have kept vigil with Him! Watch with me! His words still ring in our ears, while love and gratitude impel us to make this little sacrifice for His sake. Watch with me a while, and yet—we cannot come to church for a few minutes when Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament is given. Watch with me a while, and yet—even in the holy season of Lent we would rather go to balls and dances where His heart is torn by new sins and crimes. Watch with me—and as He looks for an answer from us, He must sadly turn away with the prophet's words on His lips: "I am become a stranger to my brethren, and an alien to the sons of my mother. And I looked for one that would grieve together with me, but there was none; and for one that would comfort me and I found none."

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

ON PRACTICAL FAITH

To be saved we must not only believe what faith teaches, but we must also live up to our faith. That is not faith but only the corpse of faith that is not accompanied by good works. "Faith without works is dead" (St. James, II, 17). Just as a man who elicits no vital operations, who does not think nor talk nor breathe, is said not to be alive but dead: so that faith is dead that produces no works of eternal life. Therefore, as St. Paul told his disciples: "Try your own selves if you be in the faith" (2 Cor. XIII, 5).

Jesus Christ said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven" (St. Matthew, V, 3). Anyone therefore who considers himself miserable because he is poor and who complains about divine Providence, such a person has not true faith. He who has true faith considers as his riches and happiness, not the goods of this earth, but only the grace of God and eternal salvation.

Jesus Christ said: "Blessed are the peace-makers; blessed are they

that mourn; blessed are those who suffer persecution for justice' sake". That means: blessed are those who forgive injuries; who mortify themselves and accept with resignation sickness, losses, and the other tribulations of this life; blessed are those who, because they try to prevent sin and to promote God's glory, are persecuted. Anyone, therefore, who considers it disgraceful to forgive; who thinks only of having a pleasant life and of satisfying his senses without reserve and who looks upon those as to be pitied who deprive themselves of earthly pleasures and mortify their flesh; who through human respect and for fear of being laughed at abandons his practices of devotion and quits frequenting the sacraments—such a one has no true faith.

But how shall we overcome this human respect, the insatiable desires of the flesh, and all the other temptations of hell? Listen to the Apostle St. John: "This is the victory that overcometh the world—our faith" (I John, V, 4). It is faith that will enable us to overcome all the obstacles that the world places to our salvation and sanctification. It is true that the devil is powerful and his temptations terrible, but if we have faith we will overcome him. Therefore, as soon as we find ourselves assailed by any temptation of pride or sensuality, let us arm ourselves with some truth of faith as a means of defense, either calling to mind the presence of God, or the ruin that is wrought by sin, or the account that we shall have to render to the Divine Justice, or the eternal punishment reserved for the sinner; and above all, the teaching of faith that he who has recourse to God in prayer shall not be overcome: "Praising I will call upon the Lord, and I shall be saved from my enemies" (Psalm XVII, 4).

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

"In these days of materialistic tendencies and weakening faith the need of keeping before us the ideal—Every Catholic child in a Catholic School—cannot be stated too strongly. As far as human wisdom can foresee, the preservation and spread of the Catholic Church in this country depend upon the adoption by priests and people of a vigorous policy in support of the parish school. The Association records its sense of the importance of the parish school, the sole educational advantage of the majority of our children; and with all the power at its command, urges upon Catholic parents the duty of sending their children to schools in which, together with secular knowledge, they will imbibe the most excellent knowledge and love of Jesus Christ."—*Resolution of Catholic Educational Association.*

Catholic Anecdotes

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

In the days of your deepest sorrow, when your confidence seems to be slipping away, read the story of Agar, banished from Abraham's tent, fleeing to the desert and leading her child by the hand. Overhead is the scorching sun; her feet tread the burning sand; her child parched with thirst, groans, and is at the point of death. She stops a moment and anxiously looks around for help. The horizon is one blaze of fire; nowhere can she find that drop water for which she would give her life. Then filled with despair, seeing death approach, she lays her child down beneath a palm tree and departs, saying: "I will not see the boy die". But still (for she was not far off, and though she could not see him die, she wished to behold him), when the unhappy mother hears her son's sighs grow weaker and weaker, mad with grief, she falls on her knees and utters a cry—what cry I know not, but it reached the heart of God—at the same moment, she saw a well of water at her feet, as if God intended to show that He cannot withstand the sorrow of one who entreats for her child's life.

How much more surely, then, will He give ear, when a mother weeps over an erring, guilty child, that is in danger of eternal ruin!

HOLY FEAR

Frederic Ozanam, one of the foremost of French Catholic laymen during the last century, the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, led a very holy life. Once, during his last illness, when he seemed more than usually impressed by the consideration of the sins of his younger days and the scandal he might have given, someone near him thought to soothe him by suggesting tenderly that, after all, he had not been a great sinner. But Ozanam answered quickly, in a tone of austere humility: "Child, you do not know what the sanctity of God is!"

TRUST IN GOD REWARDED

There are various ways to make an honest living. One of these is the purchase of offals or remnants at merchant-tailors' establishments, their assortment and sale.

A poor man, unable to find any other means to support his family, and satisfied with meagre wages, performed the task of assorting such remnants for another dealer. His wife assisted him, the three children being too young.

A few years were thus spent in burdensome labor, during which the man had laid by about \$30.00. He then had several consultations with his wife and, encouraged by her, he decided to risk the thirty dollars and go into business himself.

The first purchase of remnants made by him swallowed up all his savings. Would the venture be a gain or a loss? But the experiment was made for the benefit of their children, and they trusted in the help of God.

The janitor of the tailors' establishment obliged the man to take away with him several bags of paper. When he began to stuff the paper into the bags, he said, in jest, to the janitor: "Is any money in this paper?" The janitor answered with a laugh: "Not a cent".

The paper being a dangerous article to keep in the house, it was decided to pick the paper first. For some time the work went on quietly. All of a sudden the wife exclaimed: "Here is a Bill!" Both man and wife went through the paper anew and after all had been carefully picked, they had some 33 or more old-time bank-notes in their hand. The wife had them examined by an expert who declared that a few of the banks had closed their doors, but 30 of them were still doing business.

The wife was not satisfied with the expert's decision, and, with the consent of her husband, she placed the matter before her confessor who, after hearing all the particulars, declared that the money may be held by them with a good conscience, and that it was a reward for their trust in God.

And so these good people regarded the money, and the divine help was an encouragement to them. When their financial affairs were bettered they removed nearer to the church and school. Then, too, it was that their son decided to study for the priesthood. However, some time after the son's ordination the mother declared that, if God had not assisted them, he could not have become a priest.

And, yet, the parents were poor, very poor according to the world's criterion. For this reason some men who posed as good Catholics,

rebuked the father for allowing his only son to enter the convent. But he silenced them, saying: "And if I had ten sons who decided to enter the convent I would let them go, one and all".

THE RIGHT IDEA

An act of contrition is a very important little act—a very necessary part of the Sacrament of Confession. Indeed it has, not without reason, been called the soul of confession. And yet there are many who seem not to have clear ideas about this act of contrition. A little girl's definition of repentance, as given in the *Ave Maria*, is therefore worth recalling; she missed the words of the Catechism, but she got the right idea.

Having explained at some length what repentance consists in, the teacher called upon each one of the class to give a definition in his or her own words. A little boy answered that to repent meant "to be sorry for all the sins you have done"; which a little girl quickly amended by saying: "Being sorry enough for your sins to stop doing them."

St. Thomas himself, who was a master at definitions, would undoubtedly have admired this one.

THE BOOK OF WISDOM

Jouffroy, one of the representatives of infidel philosophy, could not but admire the Catechism. These are the words he made use of when addressing a numerous audience of the Sorbonne on the resumé of Christian Doctrine contained in the Catechism: "There is a little book which children are taught and about which they are questioned in church and in school; read this little book, which is the catechism, and you will find therein the solution of all the questions that I have treated—of all, without exception. Ask the Christian, whence comes the human race, he knows; whither it goes, he knows. Ask this little child why it is here below, what will happen to it after death, he will give you a truly sublime answer which he does not fully understand, but which is none the less admirable. Ask him how the world has been created and for what purpose; why God has placed animals and plants thereon; how the earth has been peopled, whether by one family or by many, why people speak in divers tongues, why they suffer,

why they struggle and how all this will end,—he knows the answer. The origin of the world, the origin of species, questions of race, man's destiny in this life and in the next, man's relation to God, man's duty to his fellow-men, man's rights over creation,—he is ignorant of none of these things, and when he grows older he will not hesitate about natural law or political law, or international law, for all that flows with clearness and of itself from Christianity. This is what I call a grand religion; I recognize it by this sign, that it does not leave unanswered any of the questions that interest humanity."

WASHINGTON AND THE HOLY NAME

The following letter quoted from Boynton's History of West Point, deserves the attention of all Catholics, and shows that Washington, was so to a say, a member of the Holy Name Society.

Headquarters Moore's House.

West Point, July 29, 1779.

Many and pointed orders have been issued against that unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing, notwithstanding which, with much regret the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever; his feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of that Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking. For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency and order, the General hopes and trusts that officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful. If officers would make it an unavoidable rule to reprimand, and if that does not do, to punish soldiers for offenses of this kind, it could not fail of having the desired effect.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

Attention men of the Holy Name, the General has a word to say to you!

THE LOST ART OF COURTESY

While I was riding on a street car the other day, a white-haired old lady with a child of about five years of age entered the car. The

child pushed the bowed down, panting old lady aside and promptly climbed into the only vacant seat, where she patted down her dainty dress, swung her white clad feet and looked about her with pert, bright-eyed complacency.

The grandmother patiently reached for a strap. A big man back of her grasped her arm, as she swayed unsteadily, and drew her down in his place. People eyed the bright faced child with disgust. The old lady smiled apologetically, but the little girl looked about as if unconscious of her act.

As I left the car, I heard the big man say: "It's that child's mother's fault! She never taught her the meaning of courtesy, or common politeness. You could see it was perfectly natural for her to be considered first."

"Mark my word," continued the big man, "the child will suffer for it.

One cannot lightly neglect to honor age in the days of youth without paying the penalty. But I say,—it's the mother's fault.

—*Maurice M. Garrison.*

THE LITTLE DEACON

In a little town in Italy, it happened that the priest who attended the place, was suddenly interned, and the people were ordered to abandon their homes. The Blessed Sacrament was in the Church: they would not leave it there, for fear it would be profaned—the priest could not come to remove it. What were they to do? With childlike faith they chose from the children of the village, a little six-year-old boy, dressed him in cassock and surplice and led him to the church, where all the people had assembled. Two men accompanied the child up to the communion rail, not daring in their humility, to go further. The child ascended the altar, opened the tabernacle, took out the Blessed Sacrament, reverently distributed the Hosts to all who believed themselves to be in the state of grace, and then purified the ciborium as it had seen the priest do time and again.

Then the Perpetual Light was extinguished, and weeping and sobbing the people left the church. When the Holy Father heard about it, he praised the good folk for their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, their reverence and humility, and sent a liberal present to the little deacon.

Pointed Paragraphs

BILLIARD TABLES AS SOUL SAVERS

"There is no place of amusement for Catholics in this town. Some of our young men spend their evenings at the Y. M. C. A., and soon we see the effect upon them; their faith grows thin and washy. Others go for amusement to places of doubtful reputation, and their morals are corrupted. What shall we do? We are losing our Catholic young men for want of Catholic places of amusement!"

No, you are not losing *Catholic* young men for want of places of amusement. You may be losing *pagan* young men who are born of Catholic parents. If you want to preserve these young men to the Church, don't worry too much about how you shall amuse them; study rather how you shall induce and help them to acquire a clear knowledge of the Catholic religion, to go often to Confession with real sorrow, not mere sham sorrow, to receive Holy Communion, to say their prayers, to practise Christian self-denial, and—yes—even to deny themselves some lawful amusement. In saving the souls of young men, spiritual duties come first; furnishing them with opportunities of harmless amusement comes too, but it comes a long, long way behind.

GENUINE OR COUNTERFEIT?

In spite of all that has been said or written, in spite of all that experience has done, to prove that non-sectarian schools and colleges are a danger to the Catholic faith, September will see hundreds of thousands of Catholic children attending such schools on account of the weakness or stubbornness or avarice of Catholic parents. These parents have their excuses, plenty of them, but the burning question is: How many of these excuses will hold good on the day of judgment?

AFTER THE BALL

After the ball she lives over in imagination the whole brilliant affair, the conquests she made, the witty things she said, the compliments she received. How is it that she never thinks of asking herself: Did I do anything last night to occasion a fellowman to commit, in desire or deed, a mortal sin against Almighty God?

DEVOTIONS, OLD MAIDS, MIXED MARRIAGES

A pert little saying has been making the rounds of the Catholic press to the effect that a certain parish priest in a certain northern city has cultivated the spiritual and neglected the social to such an extent that conditions there have become a byword: "More devotions, more old maids, and more mixed marriages than any other parish in the city."

We deny the insinuation that "old maids" are evils as well as mixed marriages; we repudiate the inference that "more devotions" are the *cause* of more old maids and more mixed marriages; and finally, we question the accuracy of the entire "byword". Bywords that generalize, especially if at the same time they strive to be witty, are more ready to distort their facts than to destroy their form. If the girls abstain from marriage, it may be for the love of God, through the desire of leading a more perfect life,—then they deserve praise; again it may be because they are proud and lazy and fond of an easy, painless life, or because it is so difficult to find a clean, upright, dependable husband. If the boys have recourse to mixed marriages, it may be because they were imperfectly instructed in their own religion, or because the girls are too proud and lazy to follow their vocation for the married state, or because the boys themselves are too debauched to be accepted by anyone that knows them well. In any of these cases, devotions—solid Catholic devotions—will remove the evil much more effectively than parish courting bureaus.

"HOLIER THAN THOU"

Just while we were boasting that America had entered upon her God-given mission of vindicating the rights of all mankind, came the word from East St. Louis that the most sacred rights of some of our own citizens had been shamefully violated by some of our own citizens. No nation will ever be perfect. Every nation contains within itself evil sparks which a moment can fan into flames of barbarism. It is the patriotic duty of every citizen to hold in restraint these powers for wrong. This is done, not by idle boasts about our own country and bitter recriminations against other countries, but by fostering in ourselves and in our neighbors the spirit of tolerance, forgiveness, and Christian charity.

SUSIE'S SEWING SOCKS FOR SOLDIERS

From the moment America entered the war the world expected wonders from the Yankee's well known inventive genius. Wonders indeed it has produced—wonders in the primitive significance of the term. We pass over the others—even the ten thousand suggestions for destroying submarines—to focus our attention on a suggestion for preserving the boys in kakhi from loneliness. This suggestion is that every girl in the country "adopt" a soldier, knit socks for him, and write him cheery letters.

Now, it is true we are at war, but that is no reason why our young women should forget modesty and good breeding and strike up intimacies with strange men. If American girls want to prove their patriotism, let them do it by knitting their own socks, sewing their own clothes, helping their mothers to make simple meals appetizing and to preserve food for the hard times ahead, by curtailing their needless expenses, and by sending letters and gifts to their own brothers at the front. These times should be times of sober ideas, not of silly fancies.

"AND WHAT DID YOU SAY?"

When your "dearest friend" comes to tell you what "the dreadful person across the street" said about you, don't lose your head. Just turn to her and ask: "And what did *you* say?" It's dollars to doughnuts the dreadful person across the street would not have made those disparaging remarks without a certain measure of encouragement from your dearest friend.

PUT SOME LIFE INTO IT

The trouble with our piety is that it remains too much in the abstract. It does not enter into us and take hold of us like a living reality. We may even receive Jesus into our hearts daily and read lovely prayers at Him from our manual of devotion, but is there anything to show that we cherish that strong personal love and friendship for Him of which we make profession? Do we talk over the plans of the day with Him? Do we turn to Him for counsel when there is a difficult question to decide? Do we so depend upon Him for help in

our weakness that it has become second nature with us to call upon Him in every difficulty? Does the thought that we are pleasing Him and doing what He wants us to do at this moment make the simplest and most insignificant duties take on importance in our eyes? Do we ever think of turning to Him in our joys and our successes to thank Him and to invite Him to rejoice with us? Do we not treat Him more as though He were a graven image rather than the strong, living God? We have faith, yes; but it can hardly be called the practical kind.

TO THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

The Congresses of Catholic Women's Federations have all discussed the question and have unanimously agreed that "modern fashions are often indecent, often injurious to health, and almost always extravagant". A question which confronts us all as Christian women is how to combat these tendencies and how to dress suitably and becomingly while carefully eschewing the appearance of dowdiness. It has been said that "in no domain does the Church find greater difficulty in securing compliance with her wishes than in the realm of fashion". Women who yield unquestioning obedience on all points of Church discipline, in this matter of dress, ignore the voice of authority and follow implicitly the decrees of some modiste, regardless even of the fact that, only too often, they pass the ridiculous and extravagant and frankly exploit the indecent. It is indeed a sad commentary that many of our Catholic girls are to be found in that fast increasing army of fashion's votaries. And the remedy? Girls, the remedy lies with you. And its efficacy depends upon your answer to this question: Have you the courage, the moral backbone, to stand alone as exponents of Christian teaching, or are you to join the party of cowards who, knowing the right, still follow the lead of anti-Christian men who, as feminine fashion makers, are the constituted arbiters of women's dress and consequently, in a measure, of the nation's moral and economic conditions.—*Clare Cogan in Commencement Address.*

TO THE SAME

. . . the world's cunning eye is upon you, and the world's ugly finger is busy tracing, not your many good deeds, but your every idle word, back to the fountain source of your education, back to a convent

school . . . We see the scum of humanity hypocritically questioning the purity of convent lives, daring to demand full investigation of the same. Former pupils of the pure and gentle sisters, never forget that you are the surest arguments for or against convents. If your habits and ideals still stand unhurt, unspoiled, amid this age of woman's degeneracy, then you are giving the lie to every vilifier of the pure and holy nun . . . As women walking soberly down the valley, bearing the full burden of life's responsibility, let us pledge such conduct "for God, for humanity, for the Church, and for self", as will in the unalterable and final judgment stand the acid test of God's sure knowing.—*Agnes King in Commencement Address.*

GOOD MAXIMS

Stephen Allen, once Mayor of New York City, carried these maxims in his vest-pocket.

1. Keep good company or none.
2. Never be idle.
3. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
4. Always speak the truth.
5. Make few promises.
6. Live up to your engagements.
7. Keep your own secrets if you have any.
8. When you speak to a person look him in the face.
9. Good company and good conversations are the sinews of virtue.
10. Good character is above all other things.

I do not mean to say these are the best maxims—for a good Catholic would put them in a somewhat different shape. But they show you three things that you may think men of the world disregard: 1) that life is to be taken seriously; 2) that we must have a sense of duty; 3) that the company we keep is not something we can decide by drifting, but is a matter of choice and selection.

ADMONISH THY BROTHER

Filth and blasphemy at the factory gates at seven in the morning. Filth and blasphemy among the whirring machines until noon. Filth and blasphemy during lunch hour. Filth and blasphemy among the

machines until five. And you must live in the midst of it all! Sometimes you must stop and, pressing your hand to your dizzy head, ask yourself: Are these really Christian men, or am I spending all my waking hours among the devils and the damned?

It is no occasion for asking yourself idle questions; it is the time and place for deeds. Join the Holy Name Society; wear the button; keep a sacred watch over your own lips; teach by example; try a prudent word of reproof in private with the workman at your elbow. There is more good than you dream of in many of those hearts, had you but the Christian zeal and charity to bring it out. Try it.

WHAT TO CALL A SPADE

Shall we call a spade, a spade? O dear, no! That word is too plain, too clear, it excludes too brutally every plea of a misunderstanding, it—well, let us be honest—it makes sin so ugly that we can no longer commit it with a pleasant sense of righteousness. A New York detective states that the most hardened come-back from Sing Sing would return an indignant refusal to the invitation to "steal a watch", but that he would not hesitate a moment before the proposition, "to pinch a ticker". In like manner, the modern woman would blush to stand before the world branded as an adulteress, but she glories in breaking into print as a "superwoman, strong enough and brave enough to burst the fetters of out-of-date matrimonial conventionalities and fly to the embraces of the soul-mate whose ethereal voice has been calling to her soul from out the endless ages".

Shall we call a spade, a spade? By all means—and call an adulteress, an adulteress—only thus can we hope to see garbage kept where it belongs.

Oh, how many a comforting little ray of light God has made to shine athwart our path even on the days that seemed darkest! Happy he that has learned to look back with grateful heart and count, not the shadows, but these rays of light!

A little crucifix and the scapular medal. Give them to your boy before he leaves for the training camp—and the fighting front. You can get them done up in a neat little case at any religious store. Make him promise that he will carry them always. He will then be reminded,

should the worst come to the worst, to call upon Christ crucified for mercy and upon Christ's Mother for help.

He gave a million to help the wounded. It did not cost him the sacrifice of a single pleasure, of a single gratification. Yet his generosity was lauded from coast to coast. She gave her life to comfort the suffering. In so doing she had to renounce her home and friends, her selfwill, her possessions, her pleasures, yet those whose wounds she healed, whose anguish she soothed, did not even know her name.

We have always been happy to be able to look back upon former wars and point to the fact that there was no Benedict Arnold among the Catholic citizens of the Republic. Let us remember that the day will come when we shall be glad to say the same of this present war.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God." If this test were applied to the so-called Christians of our day, how few would qualify as true followers of Christ!

How few there are who would dare to address God each night: "Lord, deal with me tomorrow as I have this day dealt with others."

And yet let us never forget that, sooner or later, God will do unto us even as we have done unto them.—*Gold Dust.*

You wonder how the warring nations could let three years pass by without making peace. The neighbors are wondering how you and that hated relative could let twenty years pass by without doing so.

We can't help feeling a bit hypocritical forcing flowers into a dead relative's unfeeling hands if we scattered thorns in his path so long as he had life and sensibility to be tortured by their sting.

We hold on earth the place of Him who is the Author of peace and Lover of charity, embracing as we do in fulfilment of our Apostolic charge all countries and peoples and nationalities in one undivided sentiment of fatherly love.—*Pius IX.*

Never ask a truthful man for his honest opinion unless you are prepared for a shock.

Catholic Events

Once more has history repeated itself. The Vicar of Jesus Christ has spoken, as one having authority, to the rulers of the world, and Presidents, Kings, Emperors, Senators, and Parliaments have found themselves constrained to listen with respect and something akin to awe.

He says: "First of all, the fundamental point must be that the material force of arms be supplanted by the moral force of right, from which shall arise a fair agreement by all for the simultaneous and reciprocal diminution of armaments, according to the rules and guarantees to be established, in a measure necessary and sufficient for the maintenance of public order in each state. Then in supplanting armies by the institution of arbitration, with its high pacifying function, according to the rules to be laid down and the penalties to be imposed upon a state which would refuse either to submit a national question to arbitration or to accept its decision." The Holy Father then proceeds to point out broad and general lines upon which the war could be ended in accordance with the universal desire for the cessation of this inhuman slaughter, and he ends by reminding the rulers of their responsibility before God and before man if they reject a just peace.

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August 9, Bishop Matz of Denver died. He was 67 years of age. He will ever be remembered as a tireless champion of the parochial School.

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The report read before the K. of C. convention in Chicago gave the membership for June 30, 1917, as 389,311.

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By virtue of a permission granted by the State Department, a band of Holy Ghost Sisters are preparing to go to France to care for wounded soldiers.

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When the Ninth Massachusetts had Confession day 40 priests were kept busy hearing the men.

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That the Red Cross wishes to be fair to the Catholics is further shown from the fact that Mr. Ryan, a Catholic, has been appointed Director General of Military Relief in the society.

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Father Brady, the first American Catholic chaplain to arrive in France, wrote July 2, that he was the only priest for 20,000 men and that he was in sore need of money to procure the things necessary for his work among the soldiers.

Protests addressed to the War Department have brought about a readjustment of the percentage of military chaplaincies to be given to Catholic priests. The present number is declared to be entirely satisfactory. The number of Catholic chaplaincies in the regular and new national army will be 181. Of course this number is not sufficient to attend to the needs of all the Catholic soldiers, but the Knights of Columbus will support 200 additional chaplains who will minister to the Catholic soldiers in those parts of the army that have no regular Catholic chaplain.

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Cardinal O'Connell has blessed an auto-van for the Catholic Truth Guild. The Guild will use the van to send able lay speakers about the state to lecture and spread literature showing the Catholic teaching on the absorbing questions of the day.

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The Catholic University at Washington will soon have four new buildings: a seminary for the Sulpicians, and Sisters' colleges for the Felician Sisters, the Sisters of the Holy Childhood, and the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

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Last month all the little people in the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, enjoyed a delightful outing. Mary Pickford accompanied them and financed the excursion.

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The Holy Father sent his special blessing to the children of the parochial schools of New York out of appreciation for the fund they raised for the relief of the suffering children of Belgium.

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Father Regan, navy chaplain, announces that there are 800 Catholic sailors aboard the warship Minnesota.

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The Sinn Feiners have addressed petitions to President Wilson and Congress asking them to use their influence for the liberation of Ireland in accordance with America's professed solicitude for small nationalities.

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Thanks to the tactful efforts of the Apostolic Delegate to Japan, the difficulties between that government and the Church have been settled, and the Church in Japan gives promise of a prosperous future.

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June 19 a session was held at the Vatican to consider the proofs for the miracles ascribed to the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, the martyred Archbishop of Armagh.

The Jesuit Fathers have offered their extensive properties and large buildings at Lake Beulah and Waupaca to be used during the duration of the war for any purpose the Government may see fit.

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The *Kilkenny People* of Dublin, edited by Edward T. Keane, chairman of the Dublin Sinn Feiners, has been suppressed by the British Government.

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Cardinal Gibbons, "America's greatest churchman and best beloved citizen," celebrated his eighty-third birthday July 23.

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Msgr. O'Brien, founder of the Sacred Heart Review, died July 20, in his seventieth year.

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The Vincentian Fathers have offered their summer home at Port Kennedy to the Government as a hospital for wounded soldiers and sailors.

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We have received copies of a monthly periodical on Mexican affairs published at Washington. Its tone clearly shows that it is directed by the same spirit that ordered the robbing of Church property and the violation of nuns in that afflicted country.

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The Kansas City chief of police was asked how he accounted for the fact that so many girls go astray in spite of home and religious training. He replied that there was no such fact to account for, that not more than one per cent of the girls brought before the court had received home and religious training.

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The Countess Marckieviez, who took an active part in the Sinn Fein uprising in Dublin, is about to become a Catholic.

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In September Notre Dame will begin a course preparatory to the degree B. S. A. (Bachelor of Science in Agriculture). We congratulate the University on this step, and we hope that many Catholic young men will follow this practical and profitable course rather than crowd to the overcrowded ranks of other professions.

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The German Government gave assurances that the vessel floating the Papal flag and carrying Archbishop Cerretti would be immune from attack.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

Must we believe that there is real fire in hell?

Though the Church has never formally defined this doctrine, it is abundantly certain from Holy Scripture and from the common teaching of the Fathers and theologians and from the common belief of the faithful. Hence to deny it would be next door to heresy and the authorities of the Church have instructed confessors to refuse absolution to a person who would obstinately persist in rejecting the truth in question.

If a Protestant who has been baptized wishes to become a Catholic, will he have to be baptized again?

If there is no doubt as to the validity of his Baptism, it is not necessary for him to be baptized again when becoming a Catholic, for whoever was once baptized validly cannot be baptized again. But whenever there exists a doubt as to whether he was validly baptized, that doubt must be removed, and he is therefore baptized conditionally. If the person had been validly baptized before, he does not receive the sacrament when it is administered in the conditional form; but if he has not been validly baptized before, he does receive the sacrament and all doubt is removed.

What is the origin of the expression "Potter's Field" as used to designate a burying place for paupers?

A potters' field originally was a piece of land from which the potters obtained the clay they used in making earthenware vessels. There was such a field in Jerusalem south of Mount Sion. It was here that Judas hanged himself after having cast at the feet of the priests the thirty pieces of silver for which he had basely betrayed his Master. "But the chief priests having taken the pieces of silver, said: It is not lawful to put them in the corbona (treasury of the temple) because it is the price of blood. And after they had consulted together, they bought with

them the potters field to be a burying place for strangers." Thus any burying ground used for strangers or paupers came to be called a potter's field.

Is it sure that each of us has a guardian angel?

Quite sure, though it has never been defined by the Church and hence is not dogma or article of faith. There are many passages in Holy Scripture, both in the Old and New Testament, which seem clearly to indicate this doctrine. Remember, for instance, the angel in the story of Tobias; the verse in Psalm XC, "For he hath given his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways;" the words of our Lord, recorded in St. Matthew, XVIII, 10, "See that you despise not one of these little ones; for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven;" and the words of St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, I, 14, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?" There are many other passages which we cannot mention here. A good Catholic will bear in mind that he has a guardian angel, will pray for help and protection to this powerful friend who is also the friend of God, and will refrain from doing aught that would sadden the spirit that loves him.

Can a man be saved without reading the Bible?

Yes; in the first three centuries after Christ there was no complete set of the New Testament; and in the fifteen hundred years before the invention of printing, Bibles had to be copied with pen and ink and few people could have one. Many could not be supplied with Bibles and many could not read. Even now not every body possesses a Bible or could read it if he did. Christ did not tell us to read the Bible but He commands us to hear His Church and to obey her teaching.

How do blessed articles lose their indulgences?

Blessed articles can lose the indulgences attached to them: First, by wear or destruction; second, by sale or purchase; third, by being loaned or given away.

1. Medals and crucifixes lose their indulgenced blessing when they become so worn that the picture (especially the face of the Savior) are no longer recognizable. In crucifixes, the indulgences are attached to the corpus and can, therefore, be transferred with it to another cross. The indulgences of a rosary rest on the beads, which can be restrung without losing their power. Nor does the loss of a few beads invalidate the blessing. Statues lose their blessing if they are broken or destroyed, not by slight damage.

2. To prevent even the appearance of simony it is not permitted to sell blessed articles of devotion, even at cost price, or in consideration of some alms-gift, nor to exchange them.

3. Both priests and people are free to give away devotional articles blessed and endowed with indulgences, provided they have not previously used them. Such articles lose the attached indulgence if they are given away or loaned after the owner has used them, in order to enable others to gain the indulgences. It is permitted, however, to loan a rosary to some one else with the sole purpose of enabling him to pray the beads more easily or conveniently. Nor does a rosary lose its indulgence if some one other than the owner uses it without the owner's knowledge and consent.

We are told that the Pope is the successor of St. Peter, and that the other Catholic bishops are the successors of the other apostles; whose successors are the priests?

The Sacrament of Orders by its plural name implies degrees in the priesthood. Popes, bishops and priests are of equal power in regard to the offering of the Holy Sacrifice and in the conferring of absolution. Yet the popes, bishops and priests differ in rank and in jurisdiction. The Pope has jurisdiction over the whole Church, the bishop has jurisdiction over the diocese of which he is the ordinary, and the priest has jurisdiction in a parish. The Pope has ordinary jurisdiction and so have bishops by the in-

stitution of Christ. The priest has jurisdiction by episcopal appointment, or delegation or by canonical legislation.

Priests and bishops form two grades of the priesthood so closely related that St. Isidore of Seville says they are "almost identical." Yet they are essentially distinct for the reason that bishops have the priesthood in its plenitude and are superior to the priests who possess it only in part. The Venerable Bede says: "Just as the whole world recognizes that the twelve apostles represent the whole body of the bishops, we must not forget that the seventy-two disciples represent the priests, or the inferior priesthood." Pope Anacletus says: "The order of priests is divided into two, and this distinction, which was established by Our Lord, must not be ignored by any one. Now, you know that the apostles were chosen and set up by Jesus Christ and that afterwards they were dispersed to preach the Gospel in different provinces. But as the harvest became abundant and enough workers could not be found, Our Lord commanded to choose as helpers seventy-two disciples whose place the priests now occupy." We must remark on this statement that it was Our Lord Himself, and not the apostles, Who chose the seventy-two disciples. (Luke x. 1).

Because the bishop has the plenitude of the priesthood, he alone can ordain priests and assign them charges. St. Paul's action and words in his epistle to Titus, who was a bishop, are the warrants for this declaration. "For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting, and shouldest ordain priests in ever city. (Titus i. 5.)

The Council of Trent in session xxiii decreed the following Canon (vii): "If anyone sayeth, that bishops are not superior to priests; or that they have not the power of confirming and ordaining; or, that the power which they possess is common to them and to priests; or, that orders, conferred by them, without the consent, or vocation of the people, or of the secular power, are invalid; or, that those who have been neither rightly (rite) ordained, nor sent, by ecclesiastical and canonical power, but come from elsewhere, are lawful ministers of the word and of the Sacraments; let him be anathema."

Some Good Books

"Character Sketches of the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes, D. D." By Sisters of Divine Providence. By John P. Murphy Co. \$1.00.

In this age, when devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, has become the very life and soul of Catholicity, the proud title "Bishop of the Blessed Sacrament", is one of which any prelate might well be proud. This honor was reserved for the saintly bishop of Covington, Ky., the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes, D. D., whose death on May 11th, 1915, robbed the American Hierarchy of one of its brightest lights.

His biography, written by the Sisters of Divine Providence, under the title of, "Character Sketches of the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes, D. D.", is a charming little book, calculated to arouse devotion even in the coldest hearts, and is at the same time, a most valuable contribution to the history of the Church in Kentucky.

"The Inward Gospel." By W. S. Strappini, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

To those striving after perfection, whether in the cloister or amid the turmoil of the world, the little book entitled "The Inward Gospel", will serve as an angel of light, to guide them on their way. Its author, W. S. Strappini, S. J., originally intended these discourses for "Some Who Follow the Rules of St. Ignatius", but this, the second edition, has, very fortunately, been offered to the world at large.

It is difficult to decide which of the eleven chapters or discourses contained in this little volume, is the best, but the "Gift of Sickness" contains so many beautiful ideas, and is written with such exquisite taste, that it perhaps deserves the palm.

The whole work breathes the sweet, ascetic spirit of St. Ignatius, and will, we are sure, receive a warm welcome from all ardent Catholics.

"Hell and Its Problems." By J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. "Spiritistic Phenomena and Their Interpretation," by the same author. Published by the Catholic Union Store, 682 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. The first of these pamphlets will appear in October and

will sell for twenty-five cents a copy with three cents for postage. The second can be had now and costs twenty cents, postage two cents. We heartily recommend these little works to the attention of the readers of the LIGUORIAN. The name of their author—already known to the readers of this magazine—is a sufficient guarantee of their worth. Mr. Raupert is one of the foremost of that band of educated Catholic laymen who are doing so much for the propagation and defense of Catholic truth. He is acknowledged to be the best informed and ablest opponent of Spiritism we have today and his second pamphlet will tell you all about the practices of modern Spiritism, their true significance, and their danger for soul and body. The other pamphlet, which is an American edition of a book that has already run through a number of English editions, is one of Mr. Raupert's best works. It explains the Christian doctrine of Hell, considers the objections that are commonly urged against it, and treats of the personality of the devil and the manifestations of the evil spirit-world. We urge our readers to procure these works for themselves and to peruse them carefully.

The Work of St. Optatus, Bishop of Milevis, Against the Donatists. With an appendix. Translated into English with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, Theological, and Historical. By Rev. O. R. Vassal-Phillips, C. Ss. R. Longmans, Green & Co. Price \$4.00.

Persons familiar with the history of the church in England are aware of the deep impression Card. Wiseman's article, in the Dublin Review, on Donatism, made in the scholarly mind of Card. Newman when he was still an Anglican. The article was but a more concise and more modern form of the argument drawn by St. Optatus close to sixteen hundred years ago. It is the solid basis for proof against not alone heresy, but schism or separation from the universal Church. A study of the book will reveal how similar after all are some of those outside the pale of Holy Church to the early Donatists and the argument of St. Optatus will be as convincing today as it was in his own time.

Lucid Intervals

The following schoolboy "howlers" are given by a correspondent: "To kill a butterfly you pinch its borax." "The blood-vessels are the veins, arteries, and artilleries." "A ruminating animal is one that chews its cubs." "Algebra was the wife of Euclid." "The masculine of vixen is vicar."

Some time ago there was a flood in British Columbia. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of his house as it floated along when a boat approached.

"Hello, John!"

"Hello, Dave!"

"Are your fowls all washed away, John?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.

"Apple trees gone?"

"Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the flood's away above your window."

"That's all right, Dave. Then wunders needed washin', anyhow."

"John," she exclaimed, jabbing her elbow into his ribs at 2:17 a. m., "did you lock the kitchen door?" And John, who is inner guard, and was just then dreaming over last evening's lodge-meeting, sprang up in bed, made the proper sign, and responded, "Worthy Ruler, our portals are guarded." Oh, he hit the title right, even if he was asleep.

Mistress—"Bridget, it always seems to me that the crankiest mistress get the best cooks."

Cook—"Ah, go on wid yer blarney."

Father—"What, in your opinion is my son's natural bent?"

Teacher—"Across a knee."

Jimmie—"Watcher waitin' around de corner wid dat hand full er mud fer?"

Mame—"I'm waitin' for Sally Ryan!"

"Wot she done?"

"Nuthin'! Only she's de Queen of de May!"

Drill sergeant (sarcastically to little Jones, who is continually out of step) —Company, all except Private Jones, change step! I really 'aven't the 'eart to trouble 'im again!

Communicative waiter—It looks like rain, sir.

The optimist—Yes, it does but never mind—it smells like soup.

"Waiter," he said indulgently, and yet withal firmly, "I ordered one dozen oysters. Now, in my young days, one dozen comprised precisely 12. Why, then, varlet, dost always bring but a pastry 11?"

The waiter adjusted his serviette to the required position on his forearm and bowed elegantly. Likewise he went, "Ahem!"

"Sir," he said, calmly and evenly, "none of our patrons care to sit 13 at a table."

"Does this car go to Twenty-fourth Street?" inquired the elderly lady.

"No, ma'am, but I have something just as good," replied the conductor, who used to be a drug clerk. "I can let you off twice at Twelfth Street."

"Is it true, doctor," asked the summer girl, "that eating cucumbers will remove freckles?"

"Of course," replied Dr. Kidder, "under certain circumstances."

"What are those circumstances?"

"Well, provided the freckles are on the cucumbers."

Wife—"I'm going into town today, my dear, to my bootmaker's, milliner's, and dressmaker's. What does the paper say about the weather?"

Husband—"Rain, hail, and thunderstorms."

Wife—"Be sure to advertise for Fido in the morning newspapers."

Next day the wife read as follows in the newspapers:

"Lost—A mangy lapdog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to the name of Fido. If returned stuffed, large reward."